

The

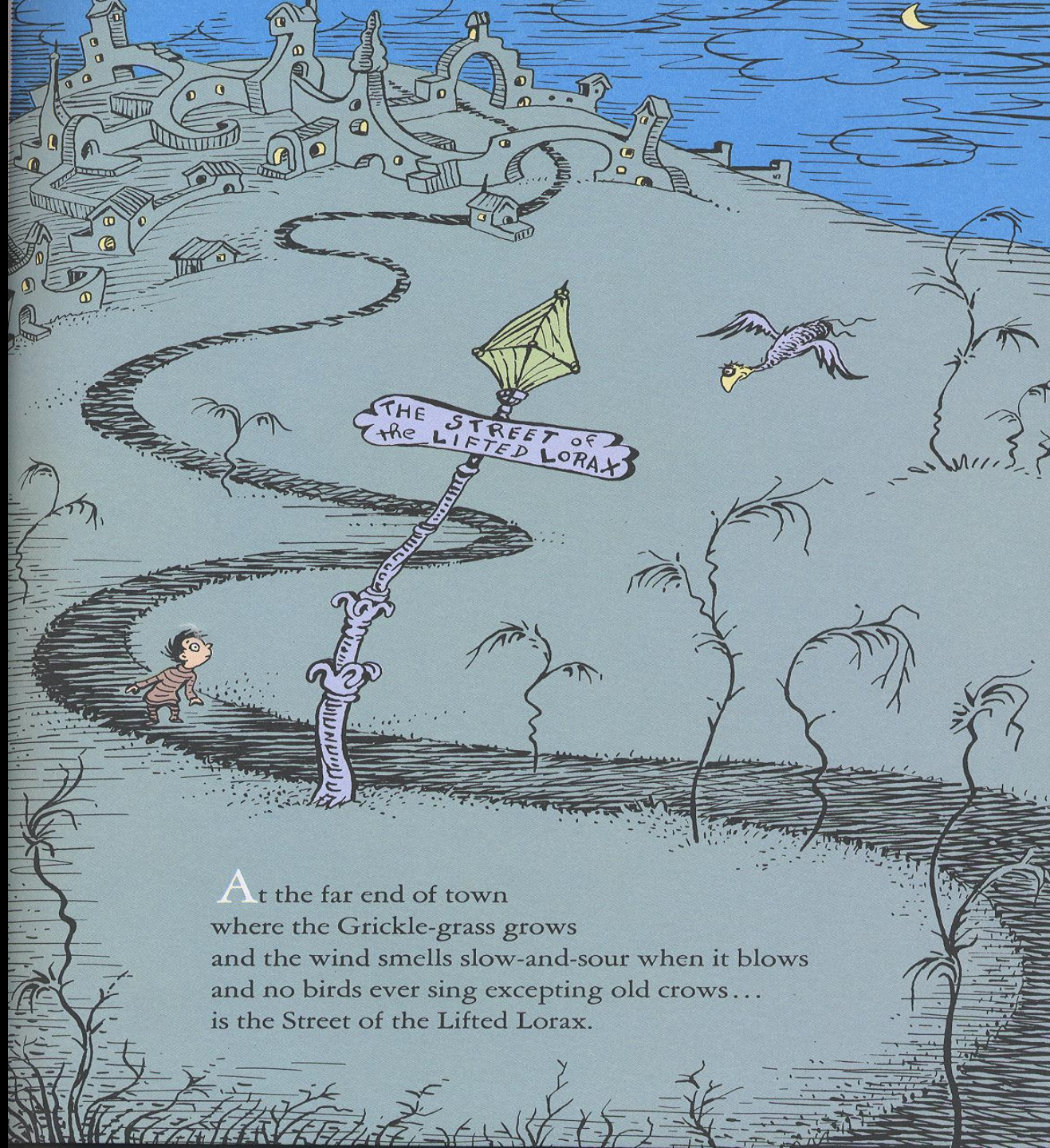
LORAX



By

Dr. Seuss





At the far end of town  
where the Grickle-grass grows  
and the wind smells slow-and-sour when it blows  
and no birds ever sing excepting old crows...  
is the Street of the Lifted Lorax.



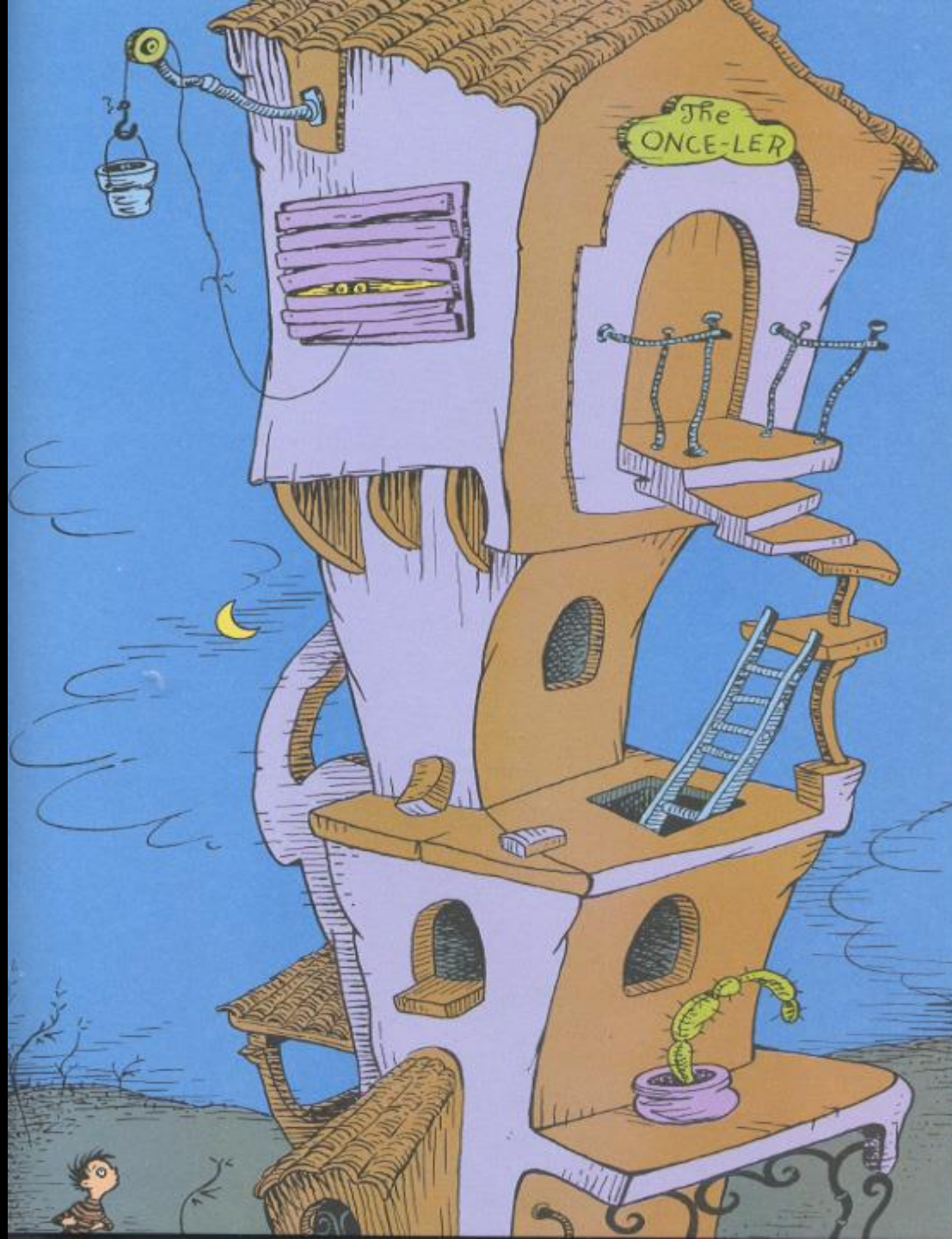
And deep in the Grickle-grass, some people say,  
if you look deep enough you can still see, today,  
where the Lorax once stood  
just as long as it could  
before somebody lifted the Lorax away.

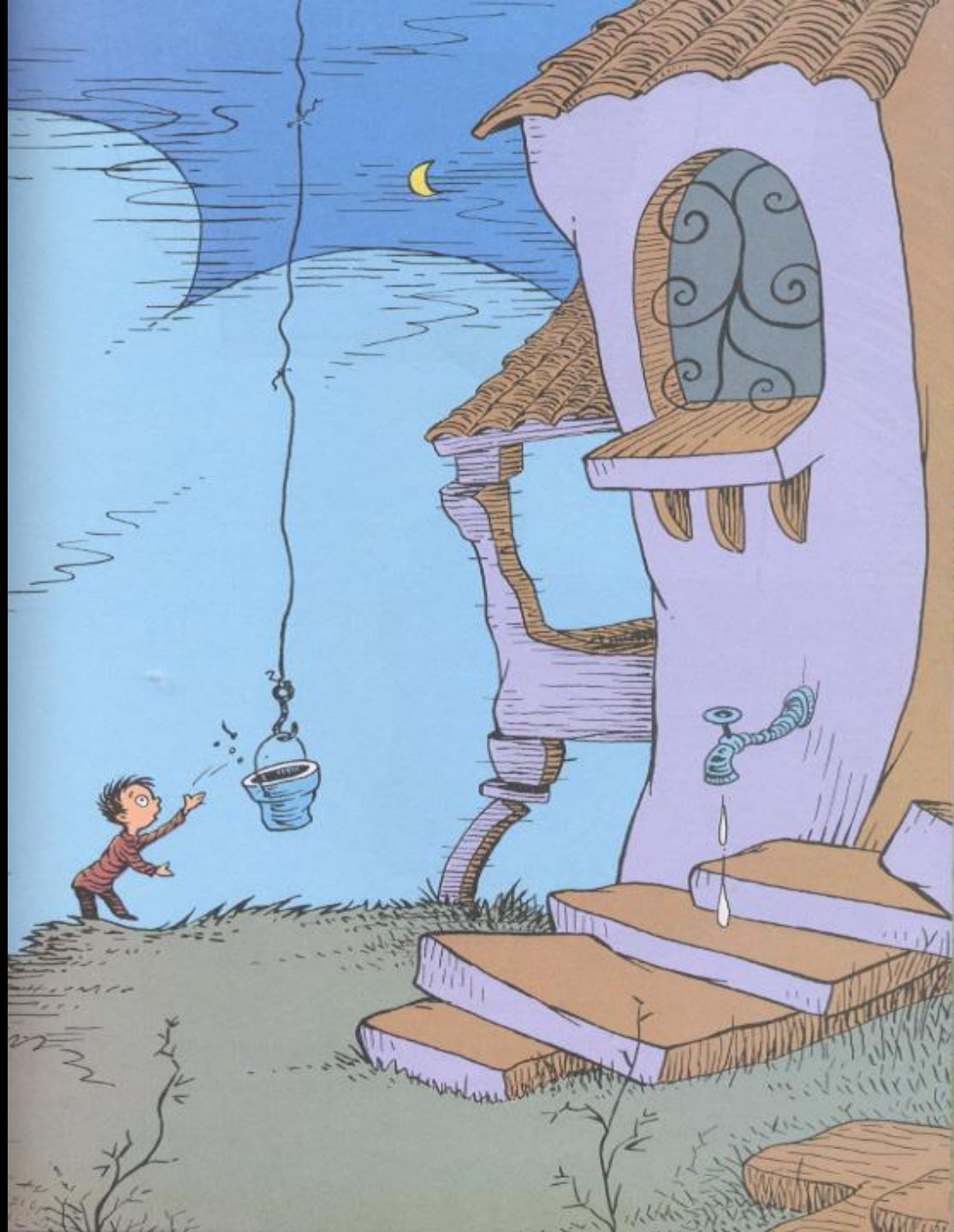


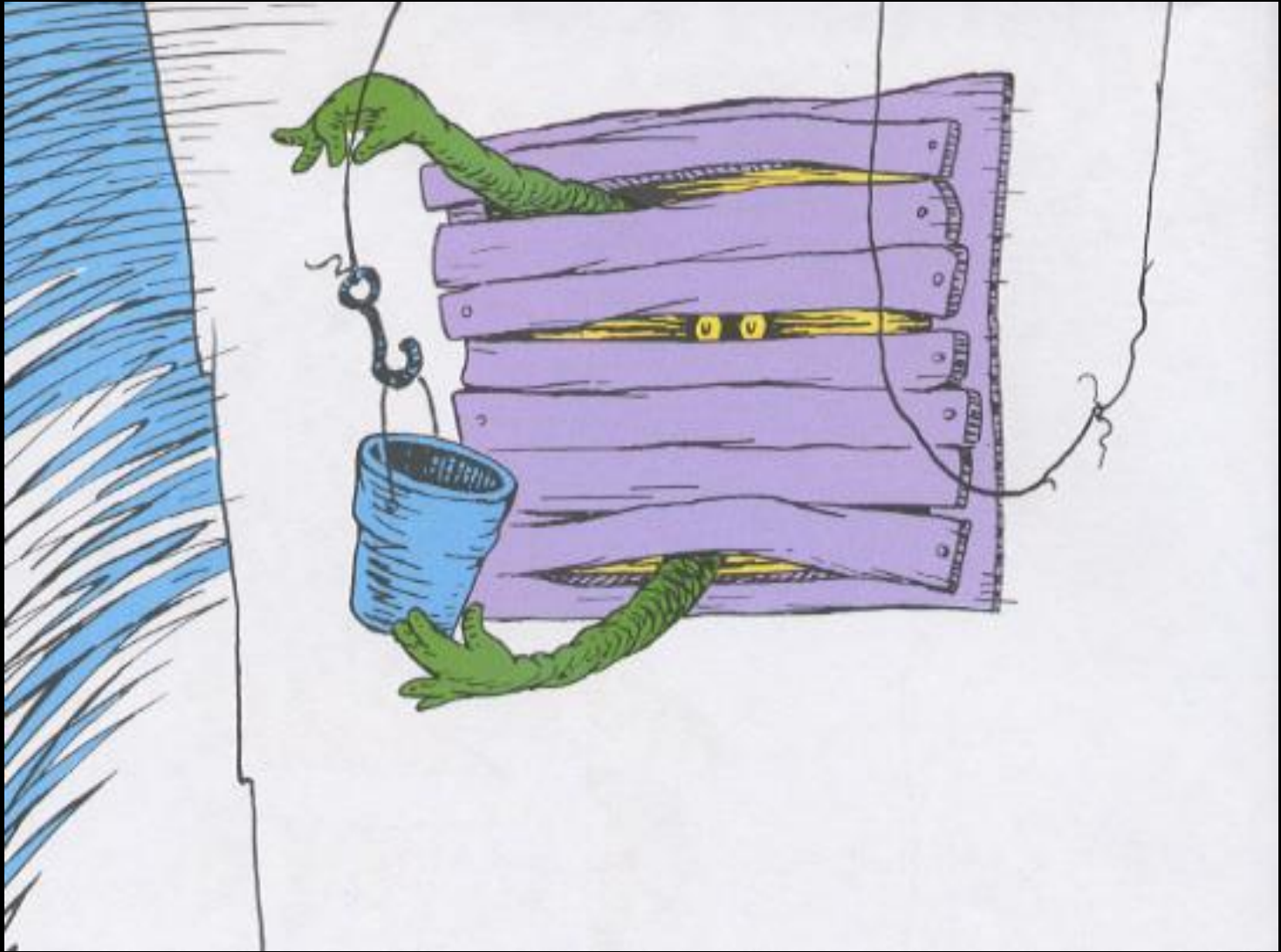


What *was* the Lorax?  
And why was it there?  
And why was it lifted and taken somewhere  
from the far end of town where the Grickle-grass grows?  
The old Once-ler still lives here.  
Ask him. *He* knows.

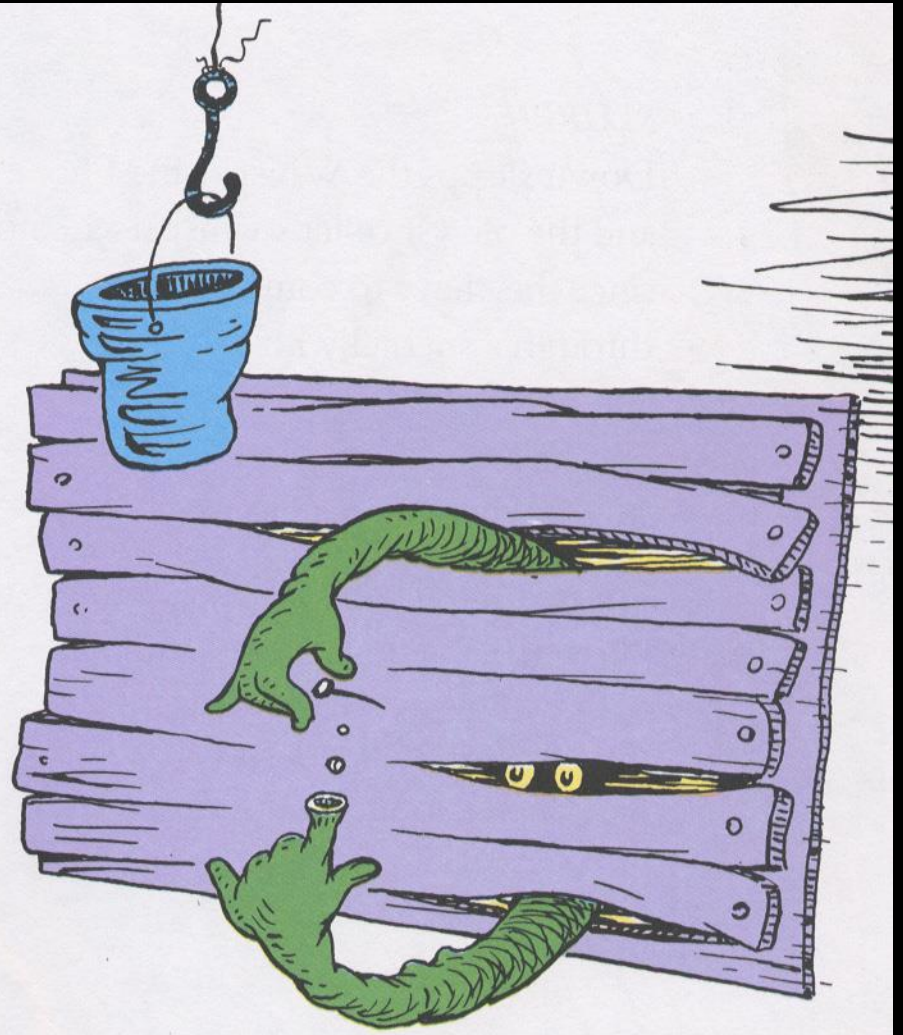






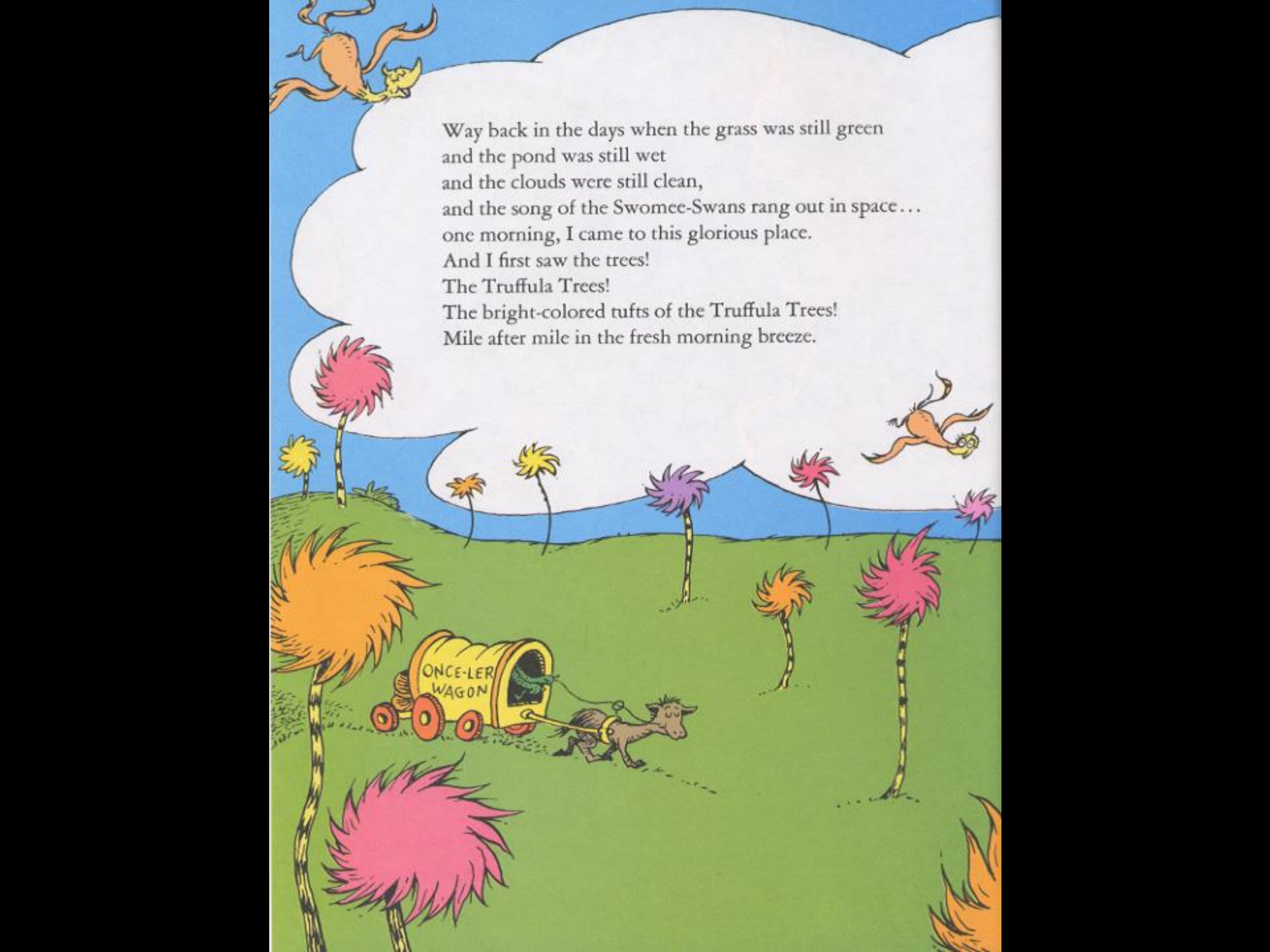












Way back in the days when the grass was still green  
and the pond was still wet  
and the clouds were still clean,  
and the song of the Swomee-Swans rang out in space...  
one morning, I came to this glorious place.  
And I first saw the trees!  
The Truffula Trees!  
The bright-colored tufts of the Truffula Trees!  
Mile after mile in the fresh morning breeze.

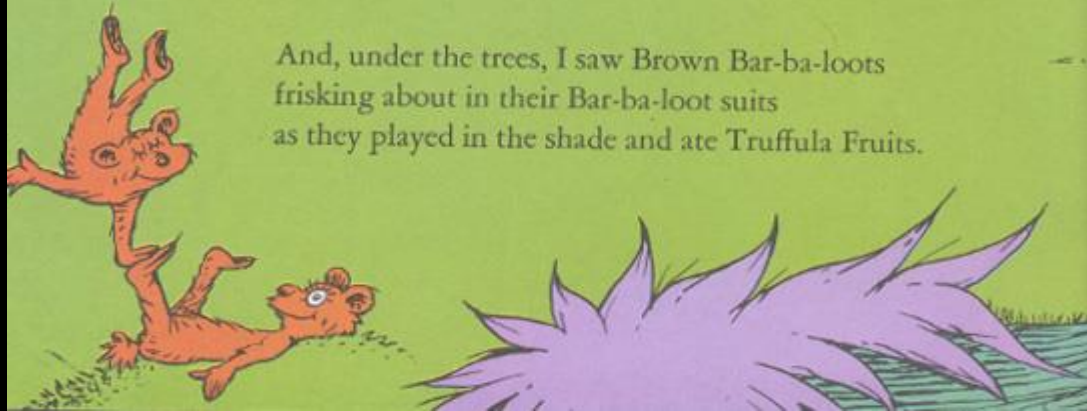
The illustration depicts a vibrant, fantastical landscape. In the foreground, a small, brown, donkey-like creature is pulling a yellow, barrel-shaped wagon with red wheels. The wagon has the words "ONCE-LEL WAGON" written on its side. The creature is walking on a green field dotted with several Truffula Trees, which have long, thin, black-and-white striped trunks and large, fluffy, brightly colored tufts in shades of pink, orange, and yellow. In the background, a blue sky with a large, white, fluffy cloud is visible. Two orange, bird-like creatures with long necks and tails are flying in the sky. The overall scene is bright and cheerful, with a whimsical, storybook quality.



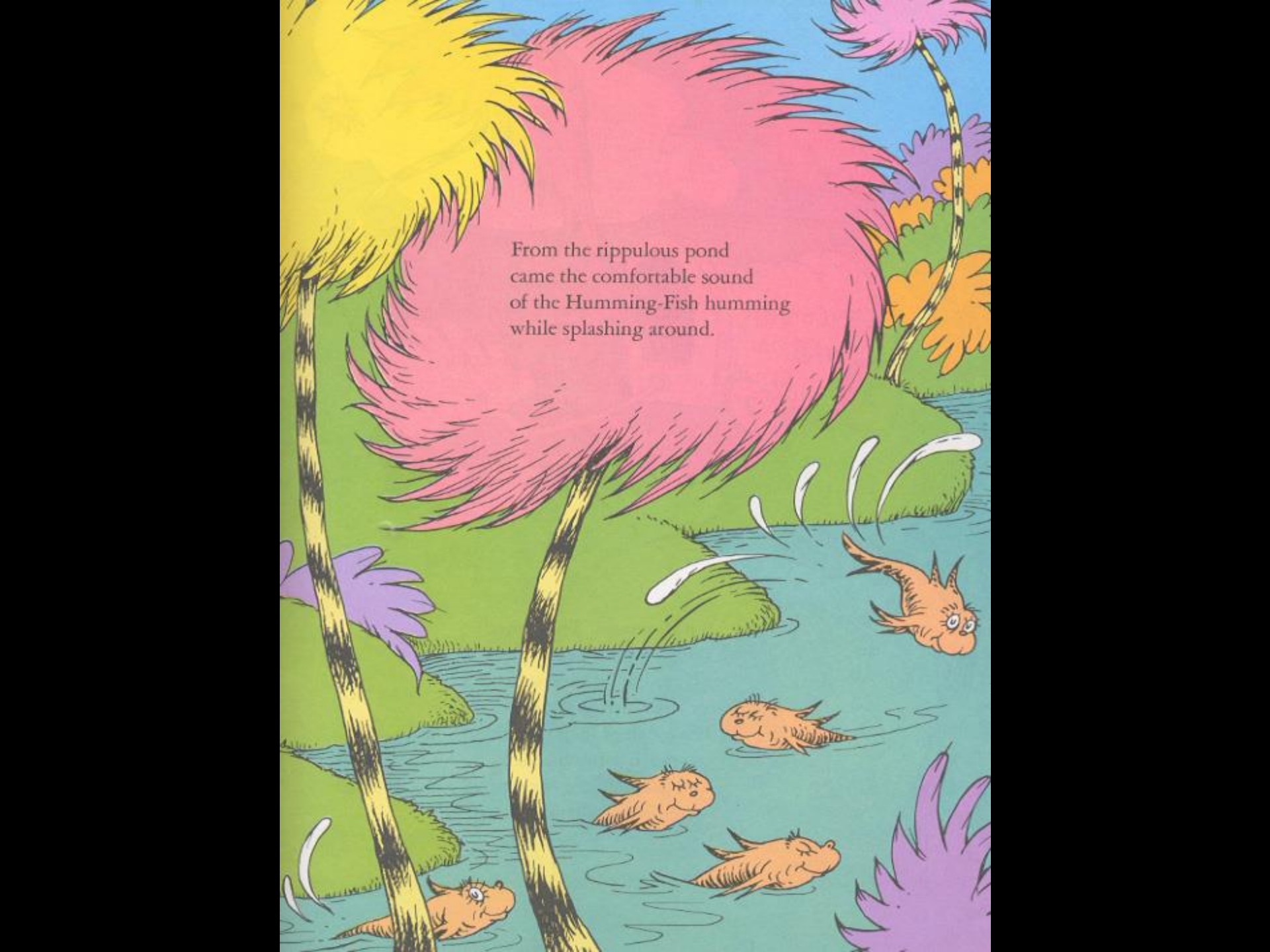




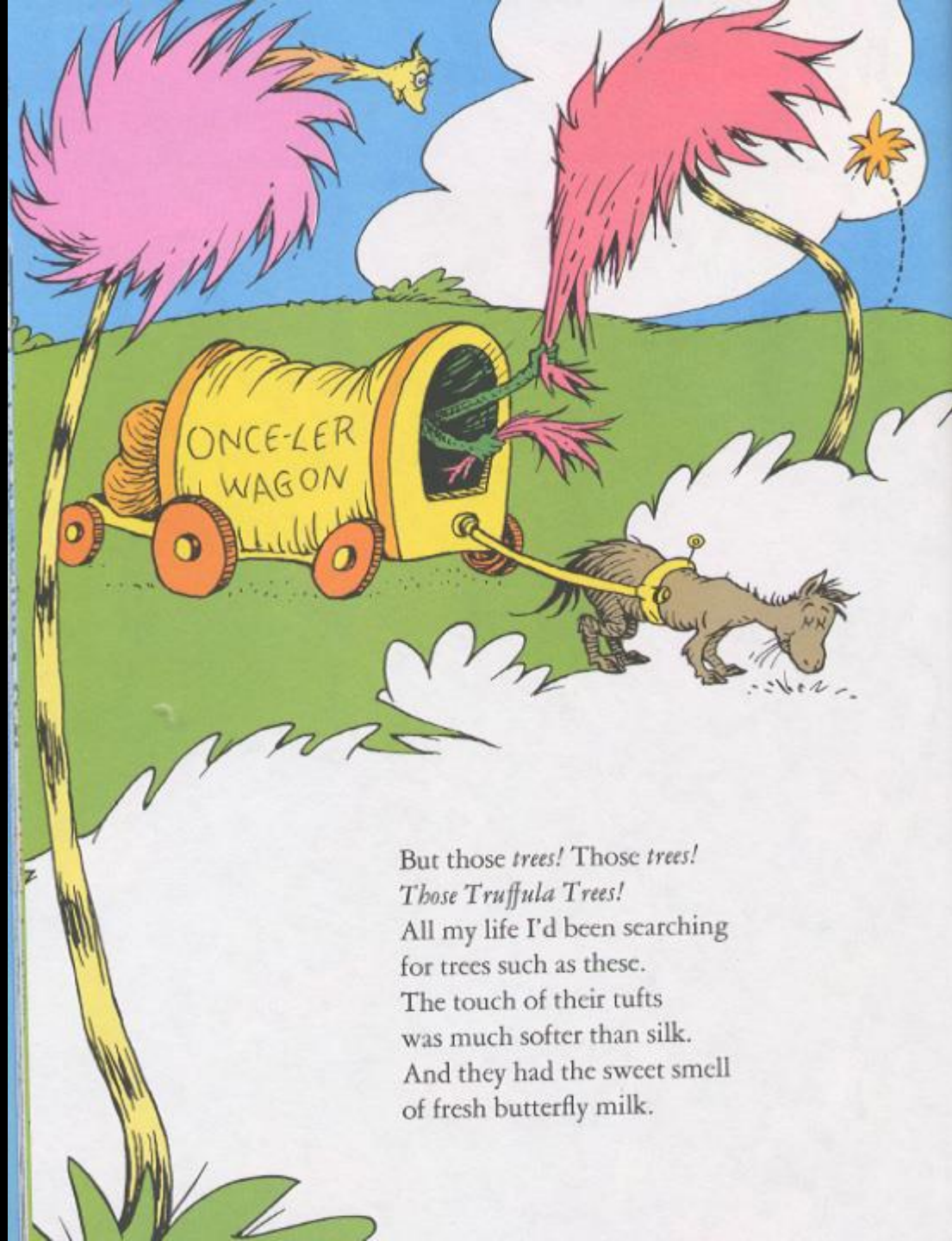
And, under the trees, I saw Brown Bar-ba-loots  
frisking about in their Bar-ba-loot suits  
as they played in the shade and ate Truffula Fruits.





A whimsical illustration of a pond. In the foreground, a large tree with a yellow trunk and a massive, bright yellow canopy dominates the left side. To its right, another tree with a yellow trunk and a large, pink, feathery canopy stands. The pond is a light blue color, and several orange, fish-like creatures with large eyes and small fins are swimming in it. Some of these creatures are splashing, with white droplets of water visible in the air. The background features a green hillside with more trees, including one with a purple canopy and another with a yellow canopy. The sky is a clear blue.

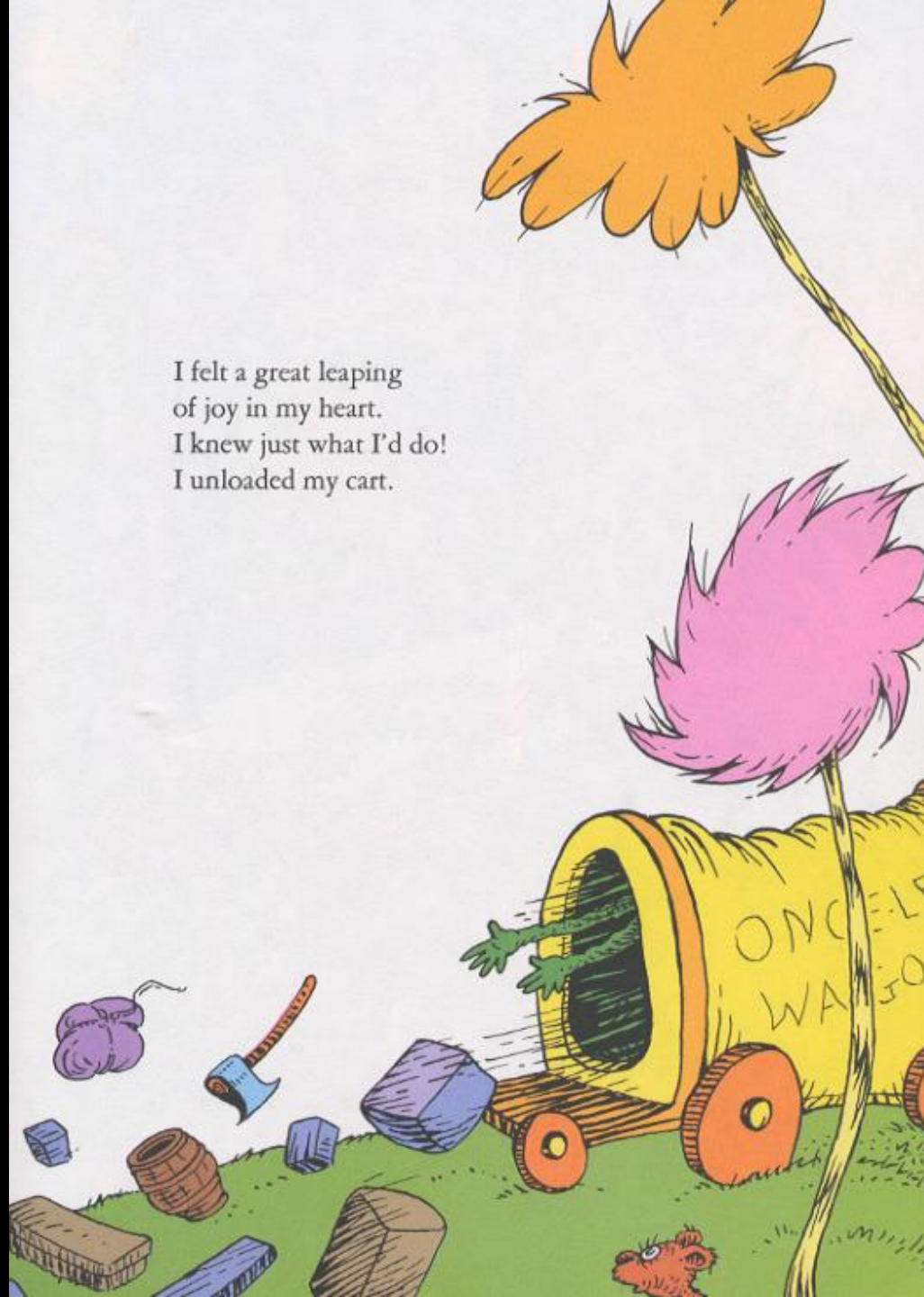
From the rippulous pond  
came the comfortable sound  
of the Humming-Fish humming  
while splashing around.

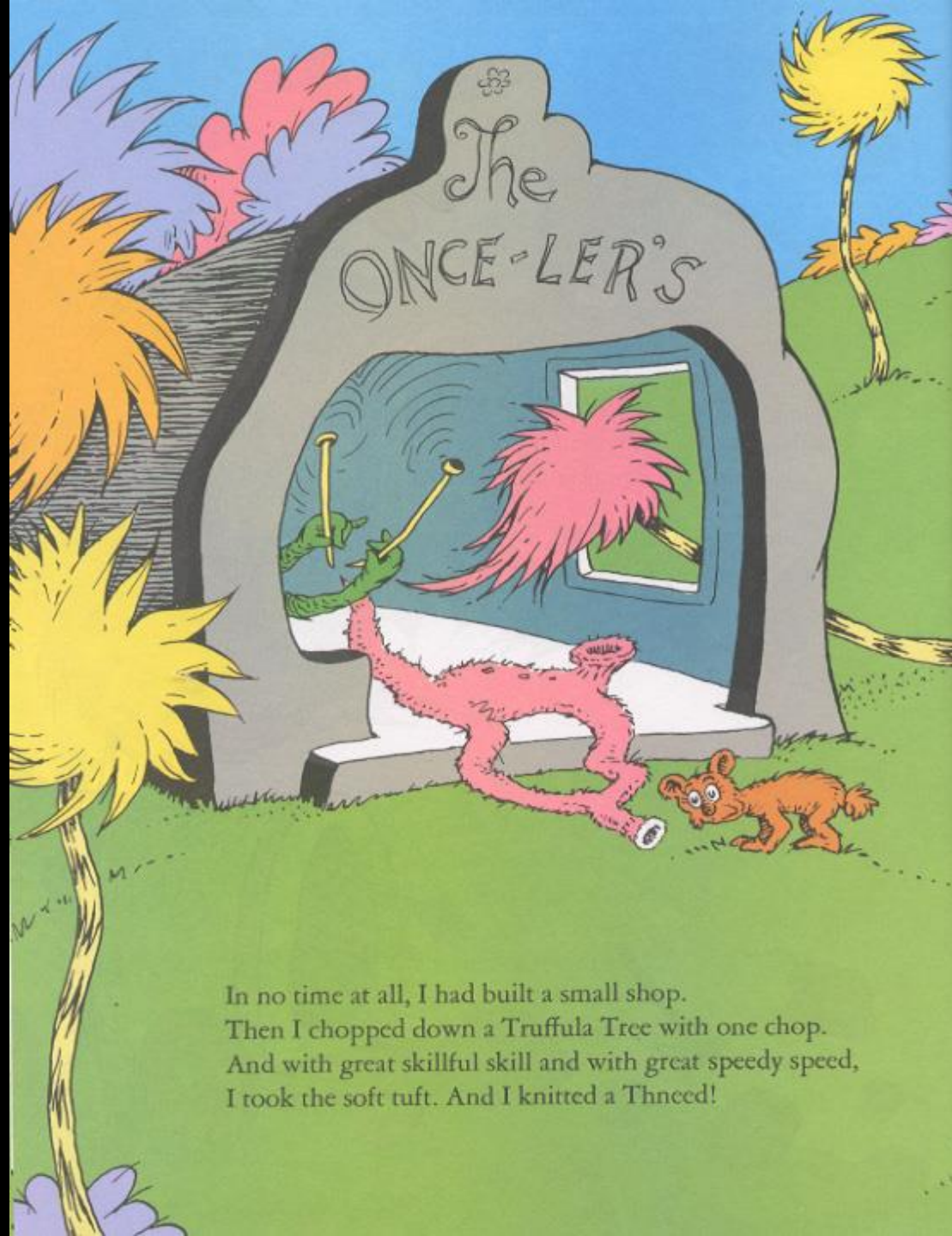


But those *trees!* Those *trees!*  
*Those Truffula Trees!*  
All my life I'd been searching  
for trees such as these.  
The touch of their tufts  
was much softer than silk.  
And they had the sweet smell  
of fresh butterfly milk.



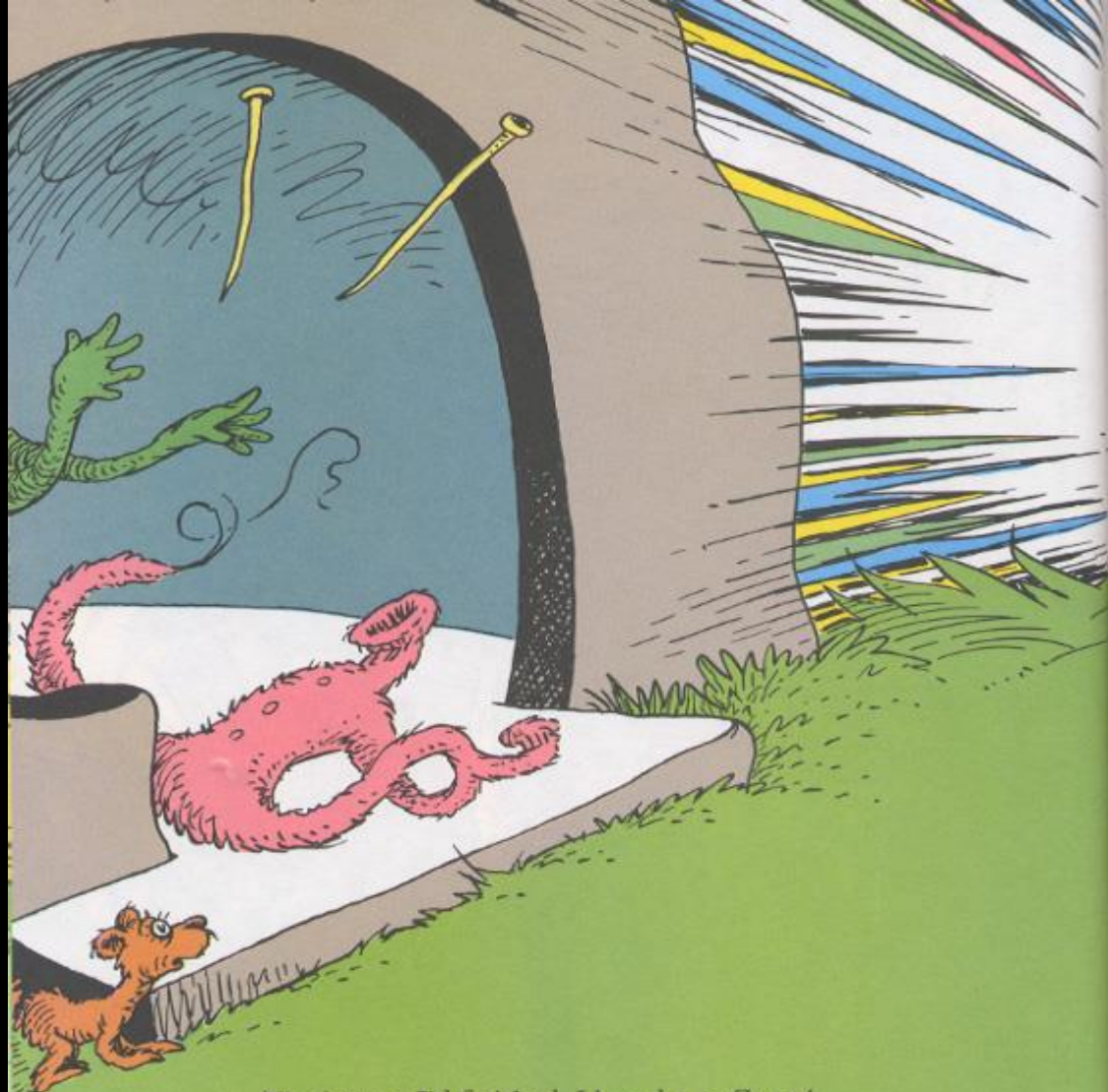
I felt a great leaping  
of joy in my heart.  
I knew just what I'd do!  
I unloaded my cart.





In no time at all, I had built a small shop.  
Then I chopped down a Truffula Tree with one chop.  
And with great skillful skill and with great speedy speed,  
I took the soft tuft. And I knitted a Thneed!





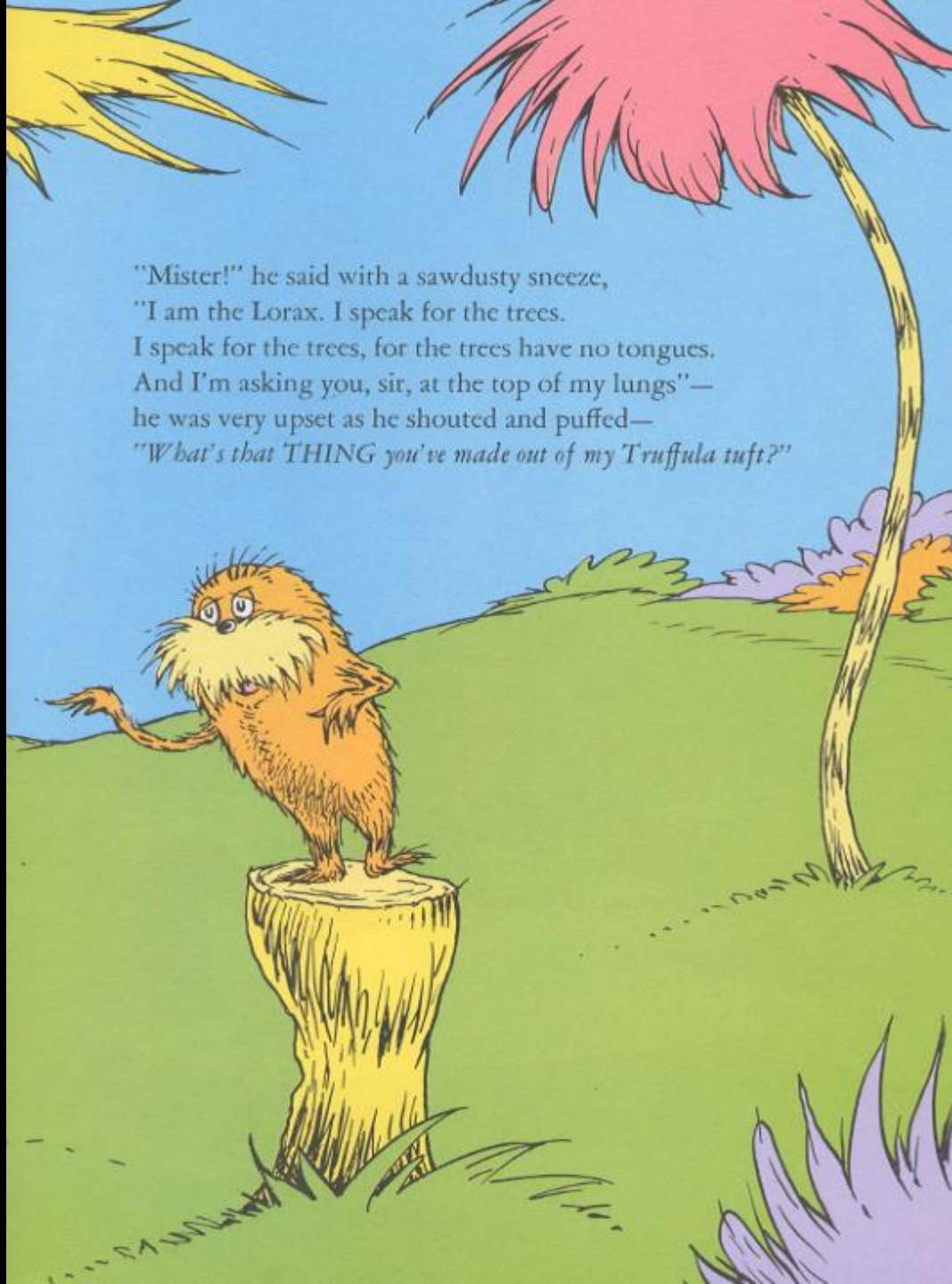
The instant I'd finished, I heard a *ga-Zump!*  
I looked.  
I saw something pop out of the stump  
of the tree I'd chopped down. It was sort of a man.  
Describe him? . . . That's hard. I don't know if I can.



He was shortish. And oldish.  
And brownish. And mossy.  
And he spoke with a voice  
that was sharpish and bossy.



"Mister!" he said with a sawdusty sneeze,  
"I am the Lorax. I speak for the trees.  
I speak for the trees, for the trees have no tongues.  
And I'm asking you, sir, at the top of my lungs"—  
he was very upset as he shouted and puffed—  
*"What's that THING you've made out of my Truffula tuft?"*









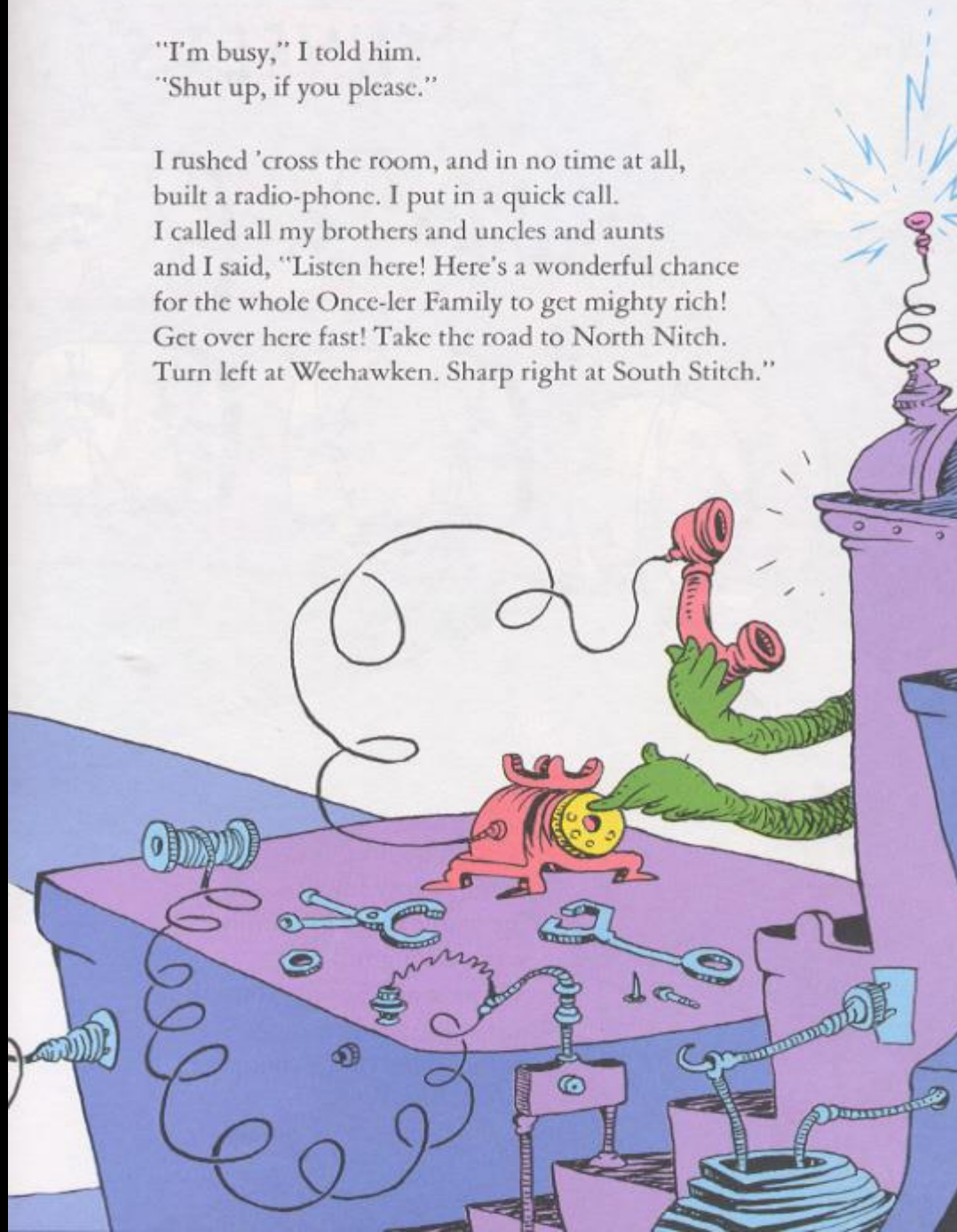


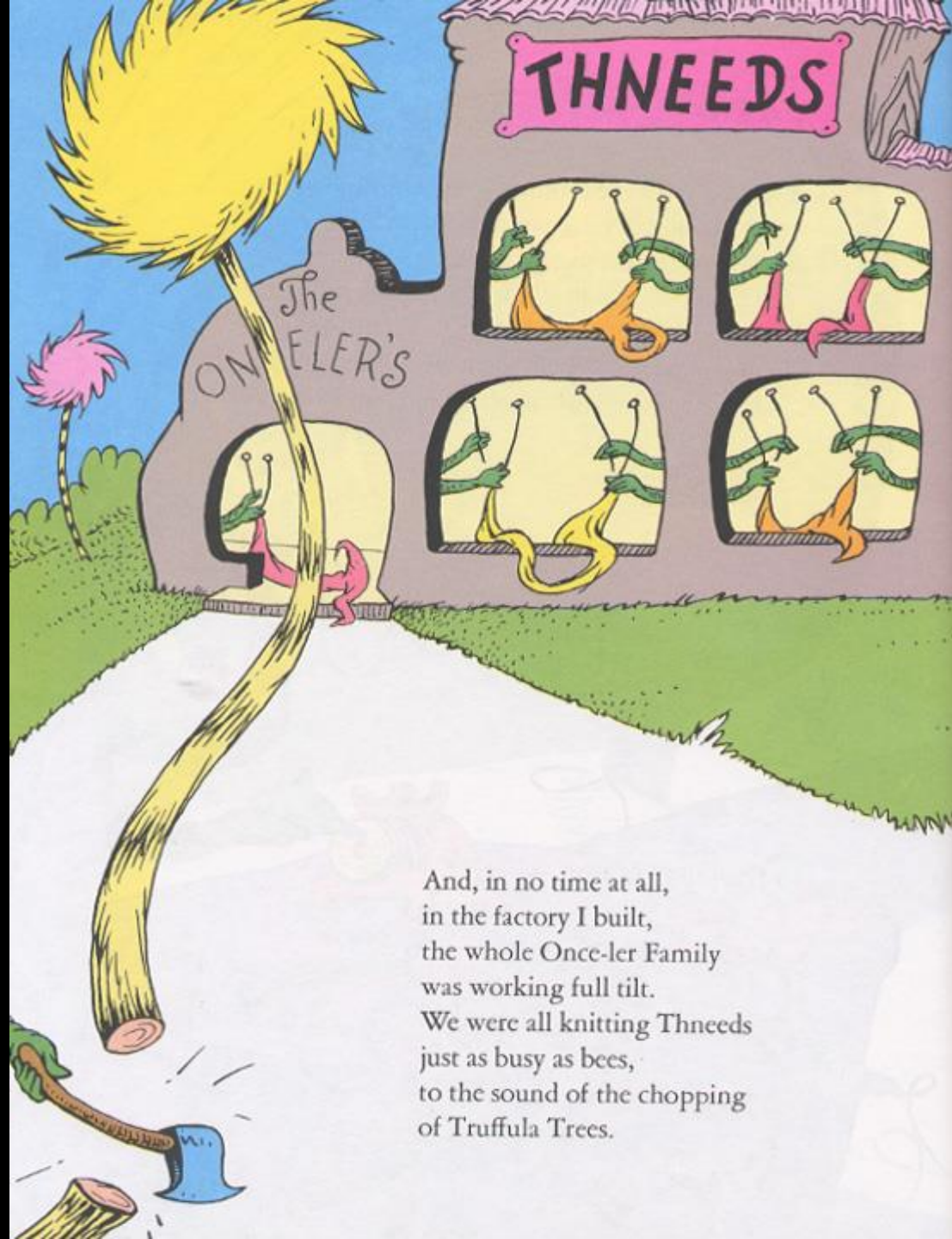
"I repeat," cried the Lorax,  
"I speak for the trees!"



"I'm busy," I told him.  
"Shut up, if you please."

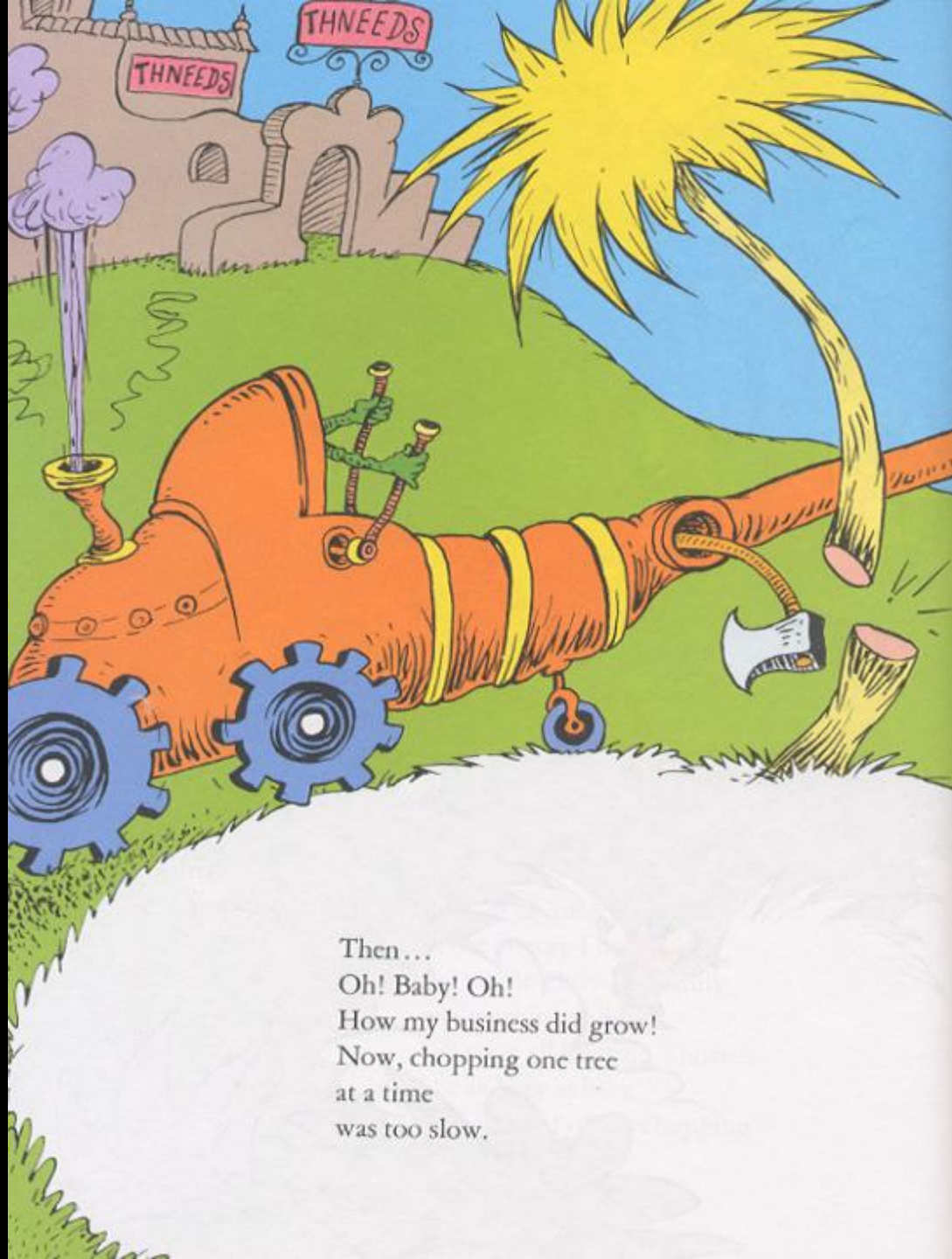
I rushed 'cross the room, and in no time at all,  
built a radio-phone. I put in a quick call.  
I called all my brothers and uncles and aunts  
and I said, "Listen here! Here's a wonderful chance  
for the whole Once-ler Family to get mighty rich!  
Get over here fast! Take the road to North Nitch.  
Turn left at Weehawken. Sharp right at South Stitch."



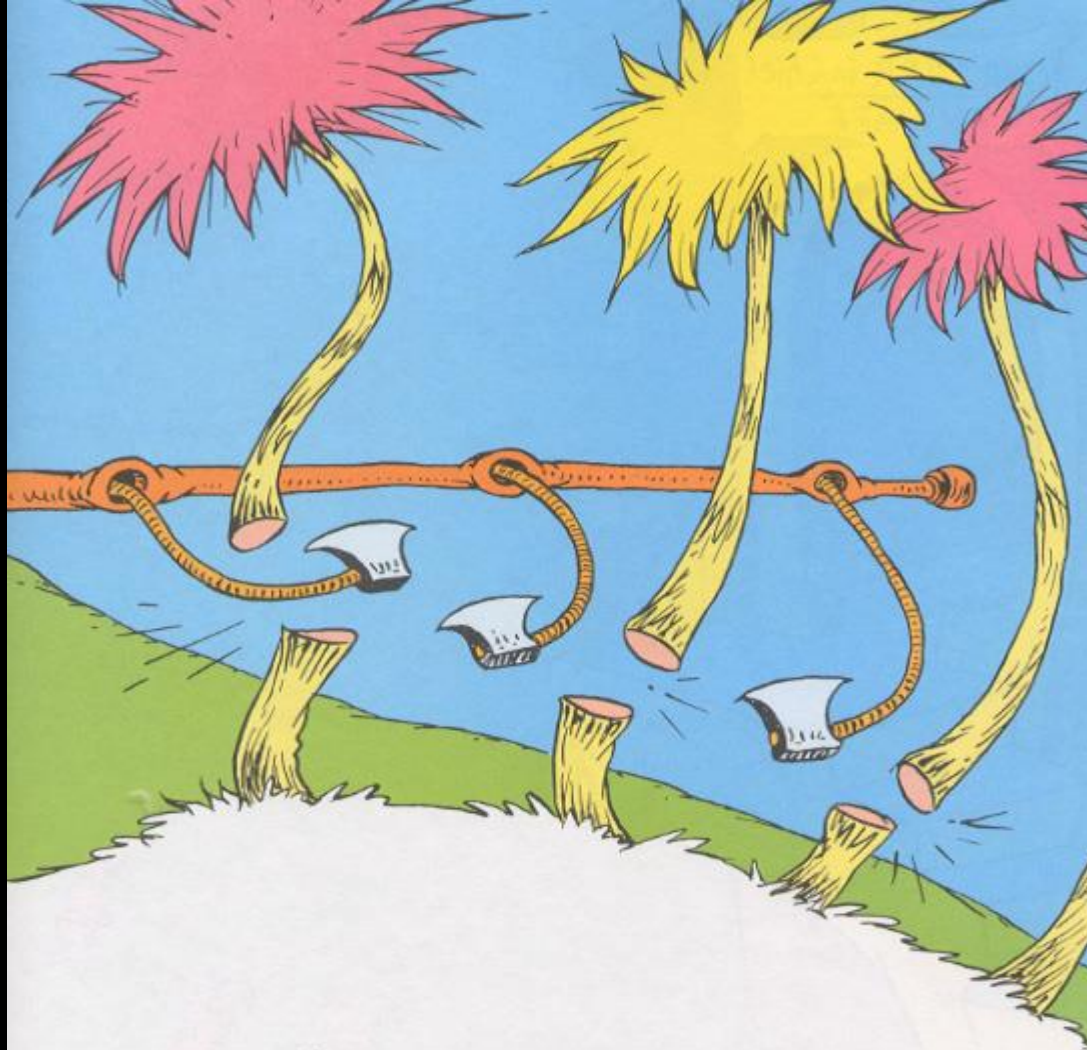


And, in no time at all,  
in the factory I built,  
the whole Once-ler Family  
was working full tilt.  
We were all knitting Thneeds  
just as busy as bees,  
to the sound of the chopping  
of Truffula Trees.



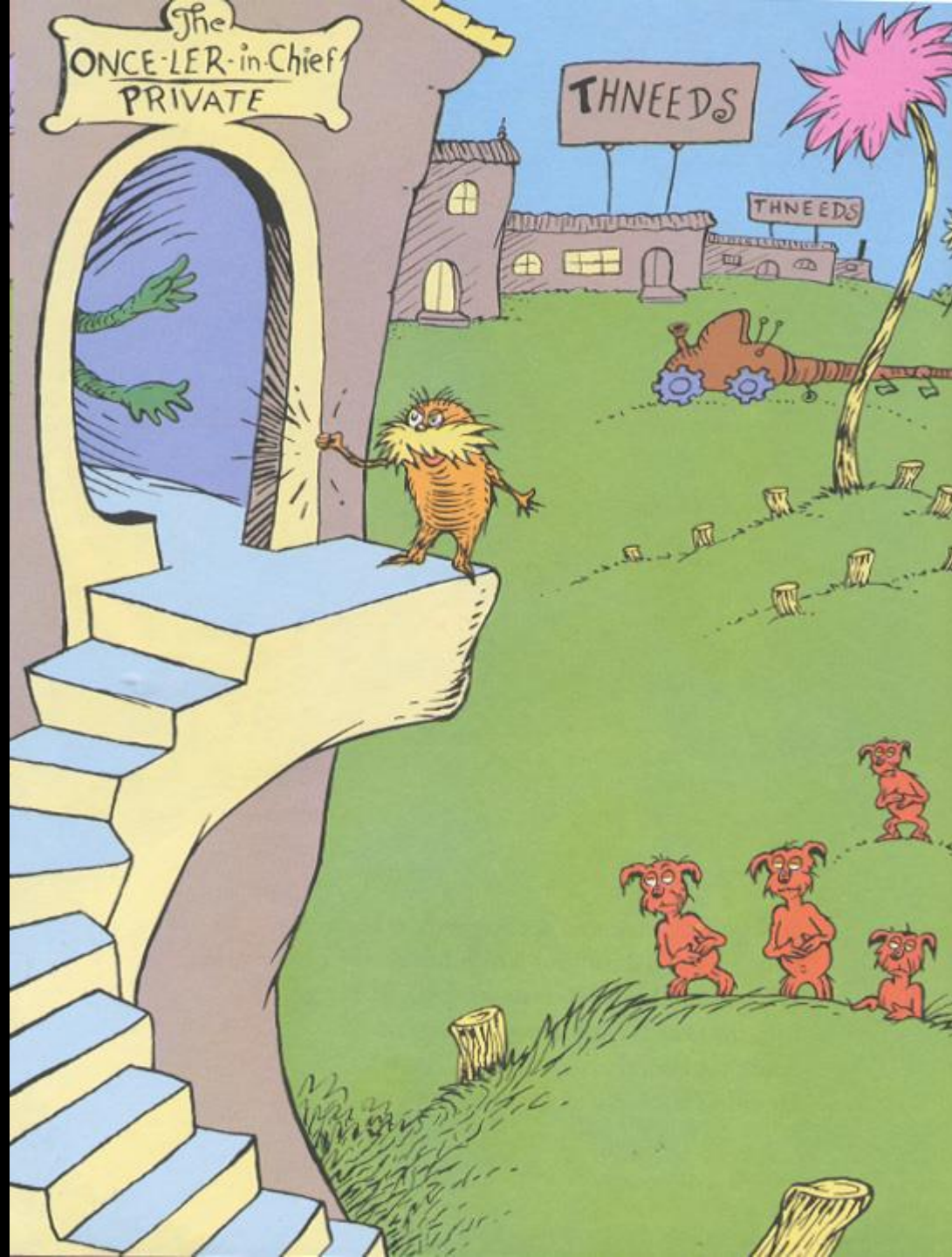


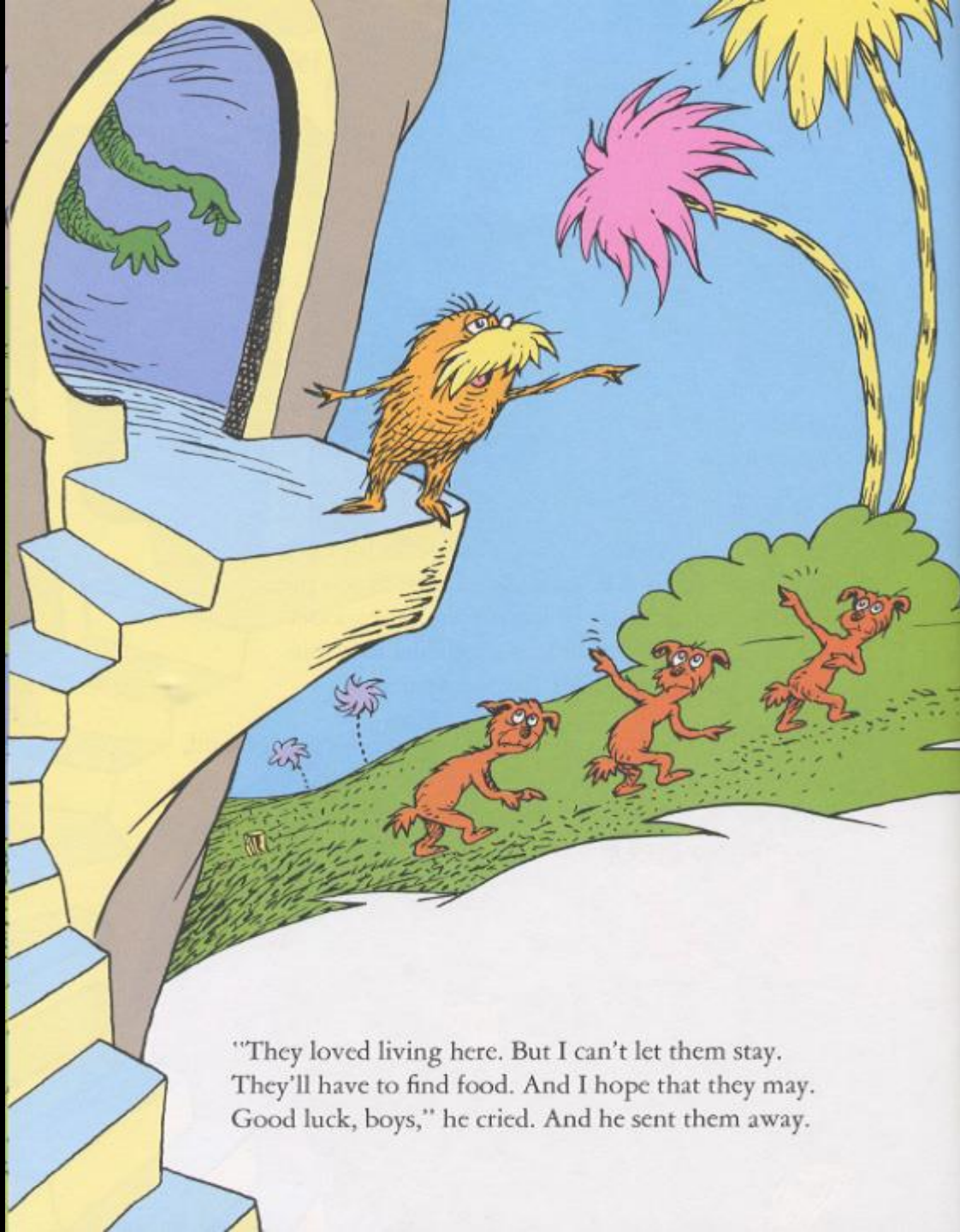
Then...  
Oh! Baby! Oh!  
How my business did grow!  
Now, chopping one tree  
at a time  
was too slow.



So I quickly invented my Super-Axe-Hacker  
which whacked off four Truffula Trees at one smacker.  
We were making Thneeds  
four times as fast as before!  
And that Lorax? . . .  
*He* didn't show up any more.

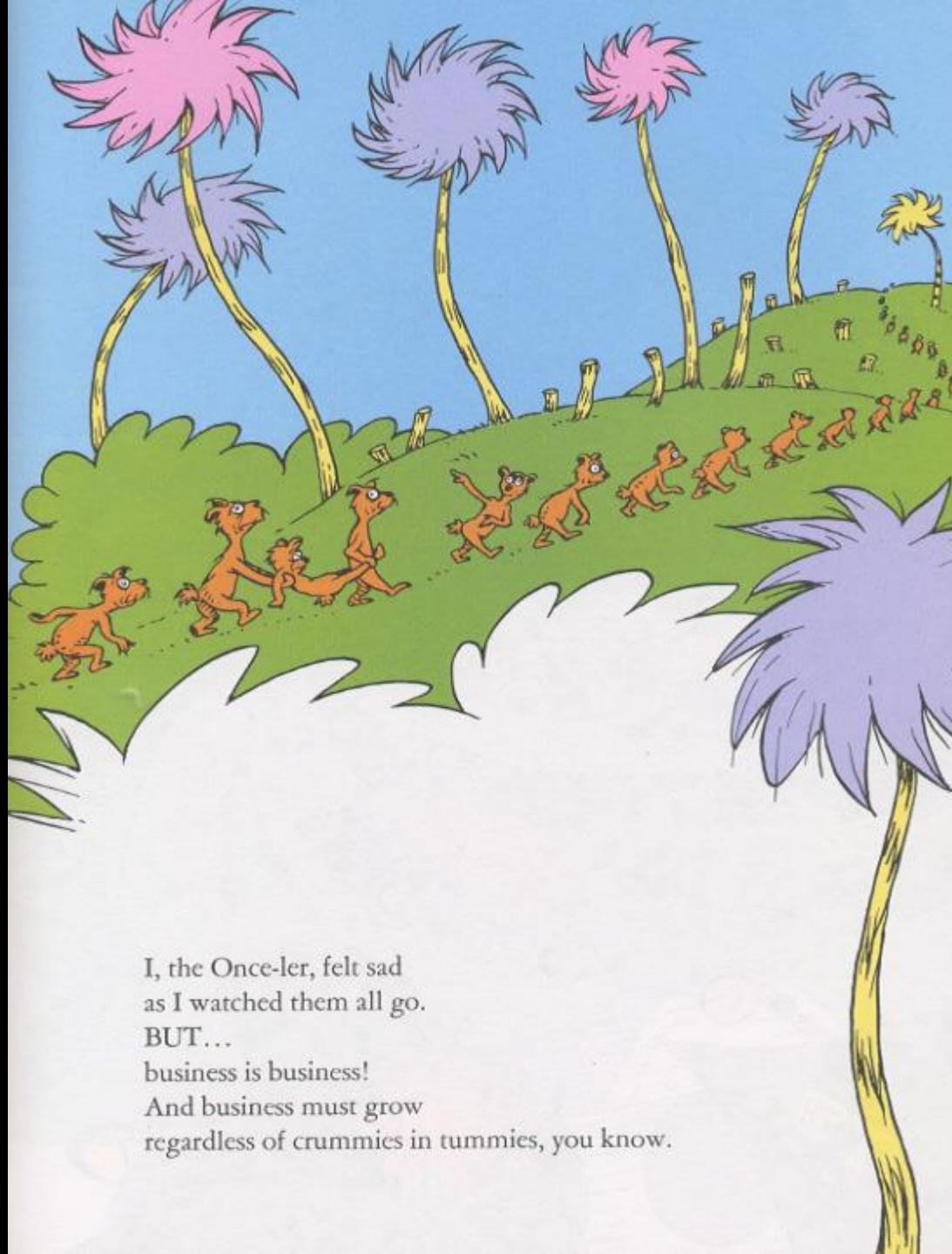




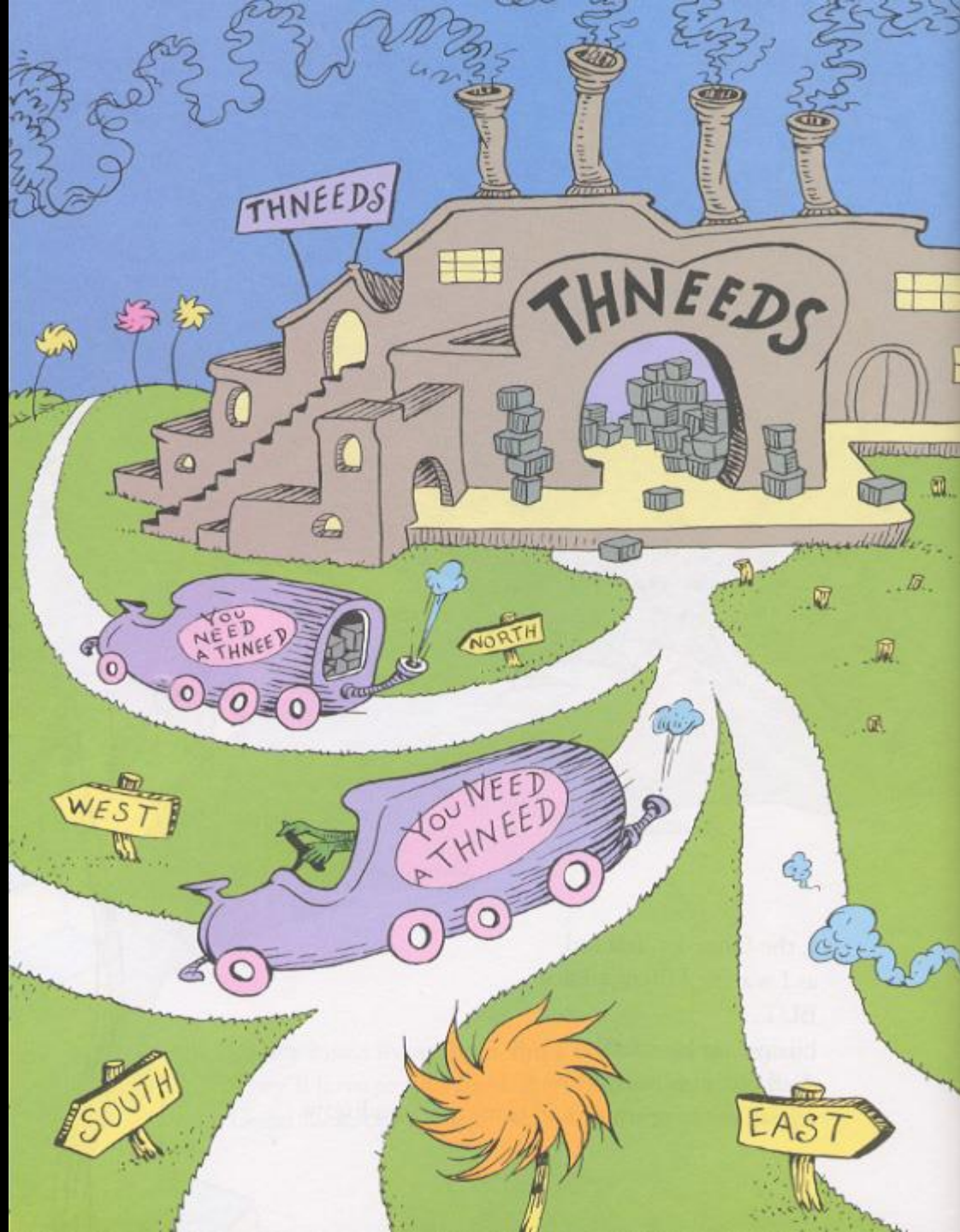


"They loved living here. But I can't let them stay.  
They'll have to find food. And I hope that they may.  
Good luck, boys," he cried. And he sent them away.

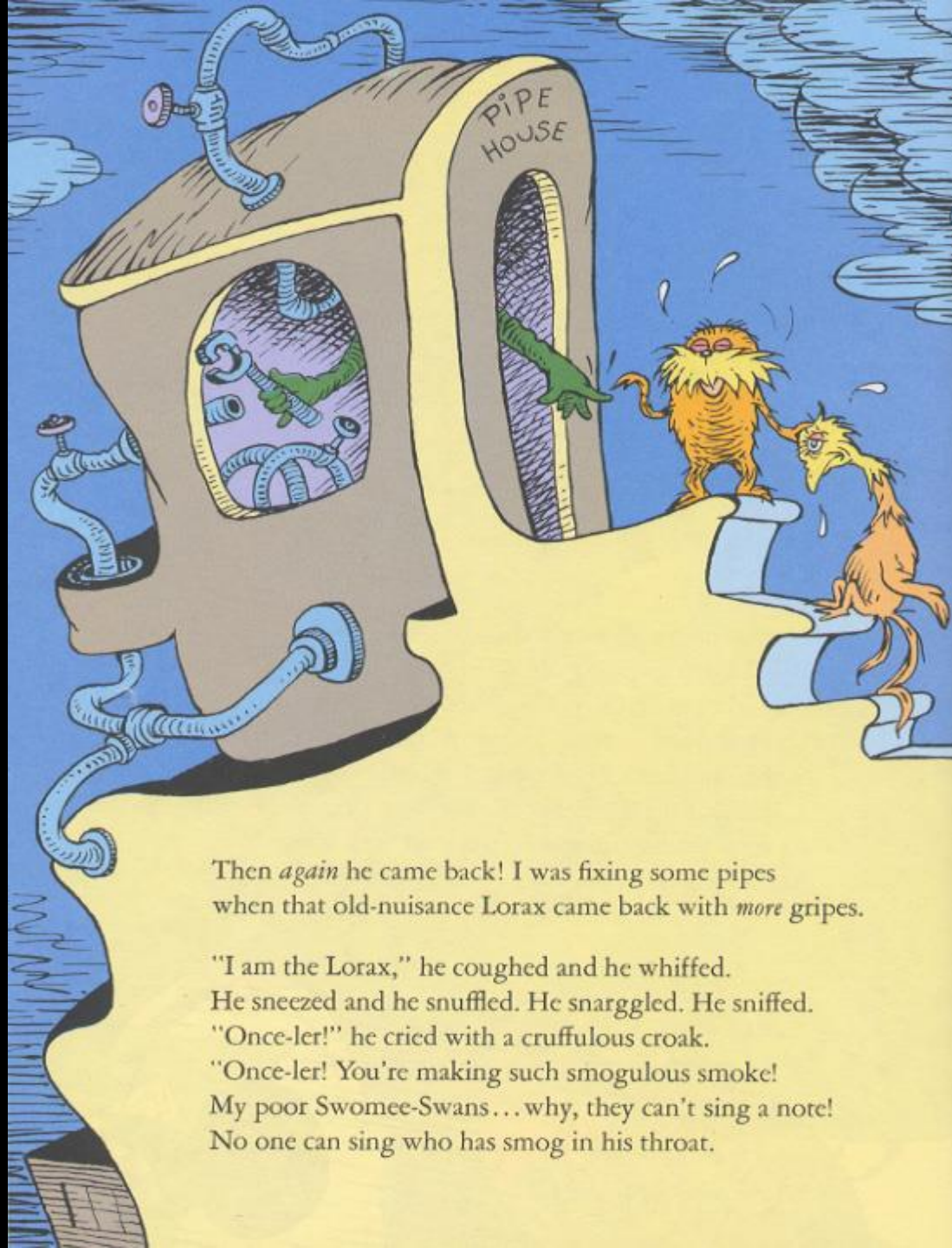




I, the Once-ler, felt sad  
as I watched them all go.  
BUT...  
business is business!  
And business must grow  
regardless of crummies in tummies, you know.

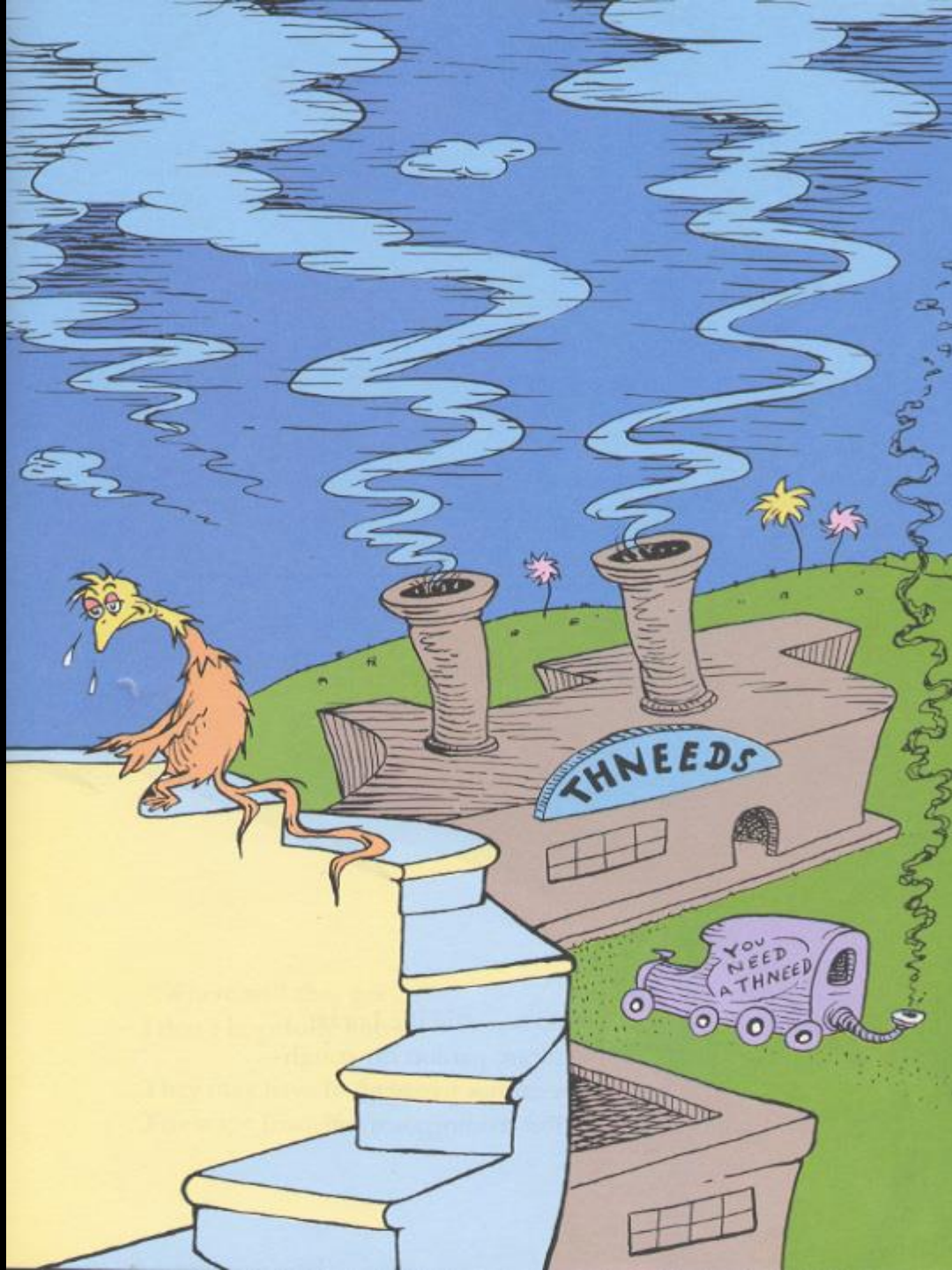




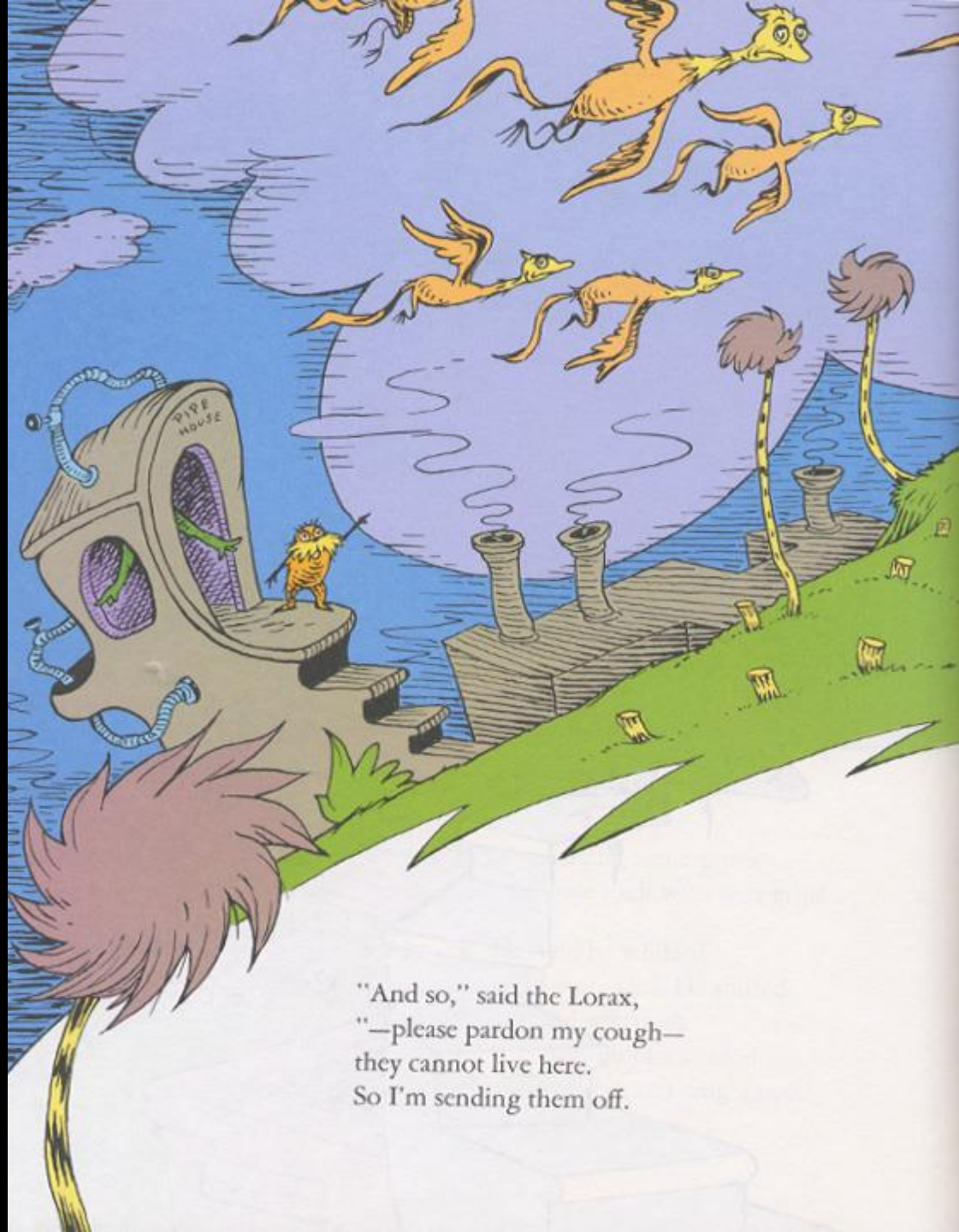


Then *again* he came back! I was fixing some pipes  
when that old-nuisance Lorax came back with *more* gripes.

"I am the Lorax," he coughed and he whiffed.  
He sneezed and he snuffled. He snarggled. He sniffed.  
"Once-ler!" he cried with a cruffulous croak.  
"Once-ler! You're making such smogulous smoke!  
My poor Swomee-Swans... why, they can't sing a note!  
No one can sing who has smog in his throat.







"And so," said the Lorax,  
"—please pardon my cough—  
they cannot live here.  
So I'm sending them off.



"What's *more*," snapped the Lorax. (His dander was up.)  
"Let me say a few words about Gluppity-Glupp.  
Your machinery chugs on, day and night without stop  
making Gluppity-Glupp. Also Schloppity-Schlopp.  
And what do you do with this leftover goo?...  
I'll show you. You dirty old Once-ler man, you!





"You're glumping the pond where the Humming-Fish hummed!  
No more can they hum, for their gills are all gummed.  
So I'm sending them off. Oh, their future is dreary.  
They'll walk on their fins and get woefully weary  
in search of some water that isn't so smeary."





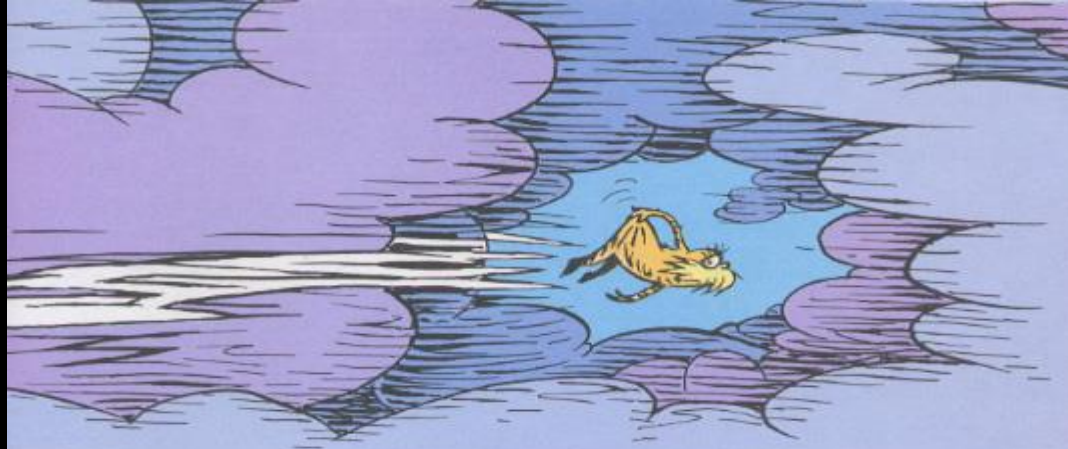








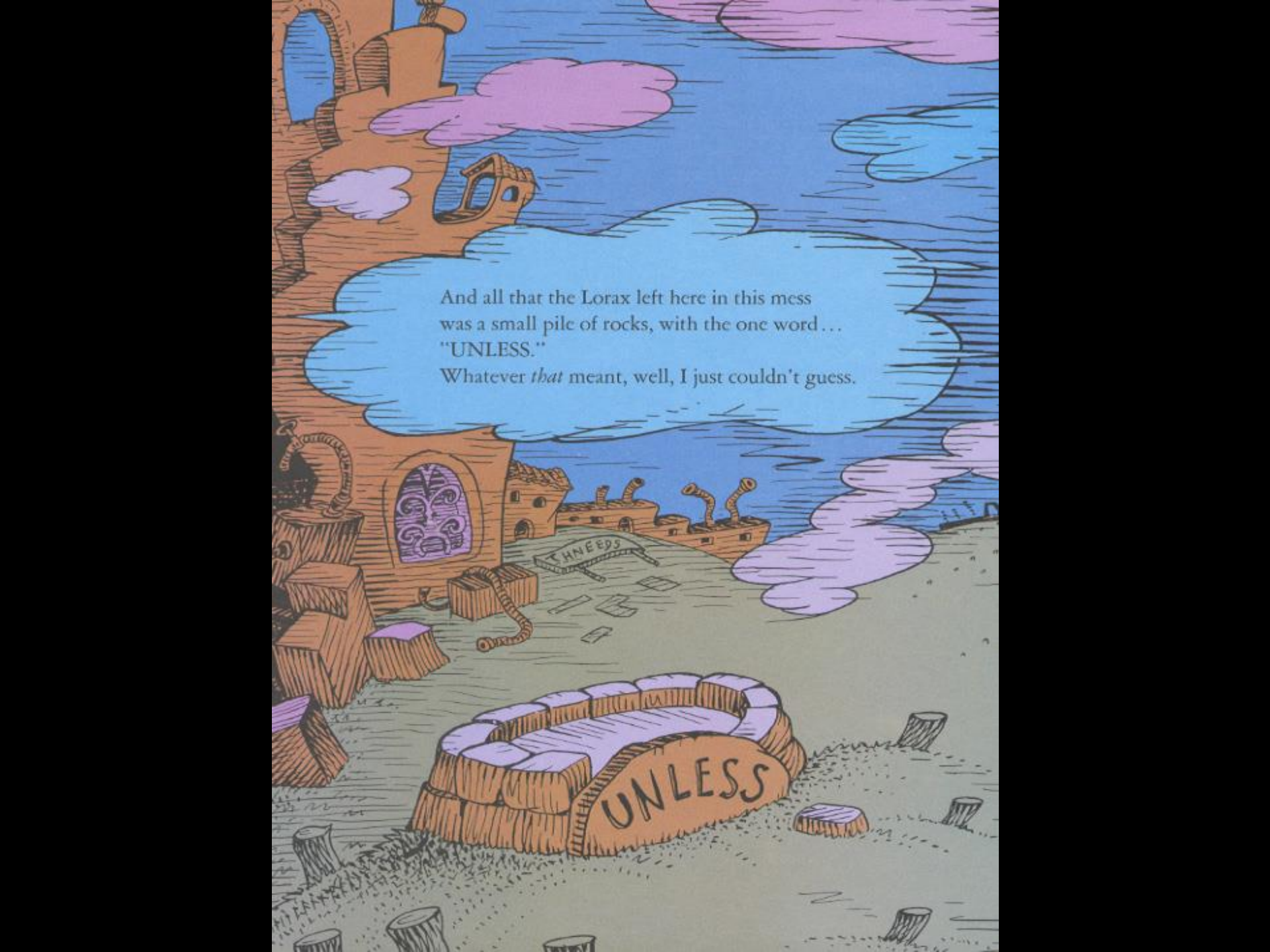
No more trees. No more Thneeds. No more work to be done.  
So, in no time, my uncles and aunts, every one,  
all waved me good-bye. They jumped into my cars  
and drove away under the smoke-smuggered stars.



The Lorax said nothing. Just gave me a glance...  
just gave me a very sad, sad backward glance...  
as he lifted himself by the seat of his pants.  
And I'll never forget the grim look on his face  
when he heisted himself and took leave of this place,  
through a hole in the smog, without leaving a trace.

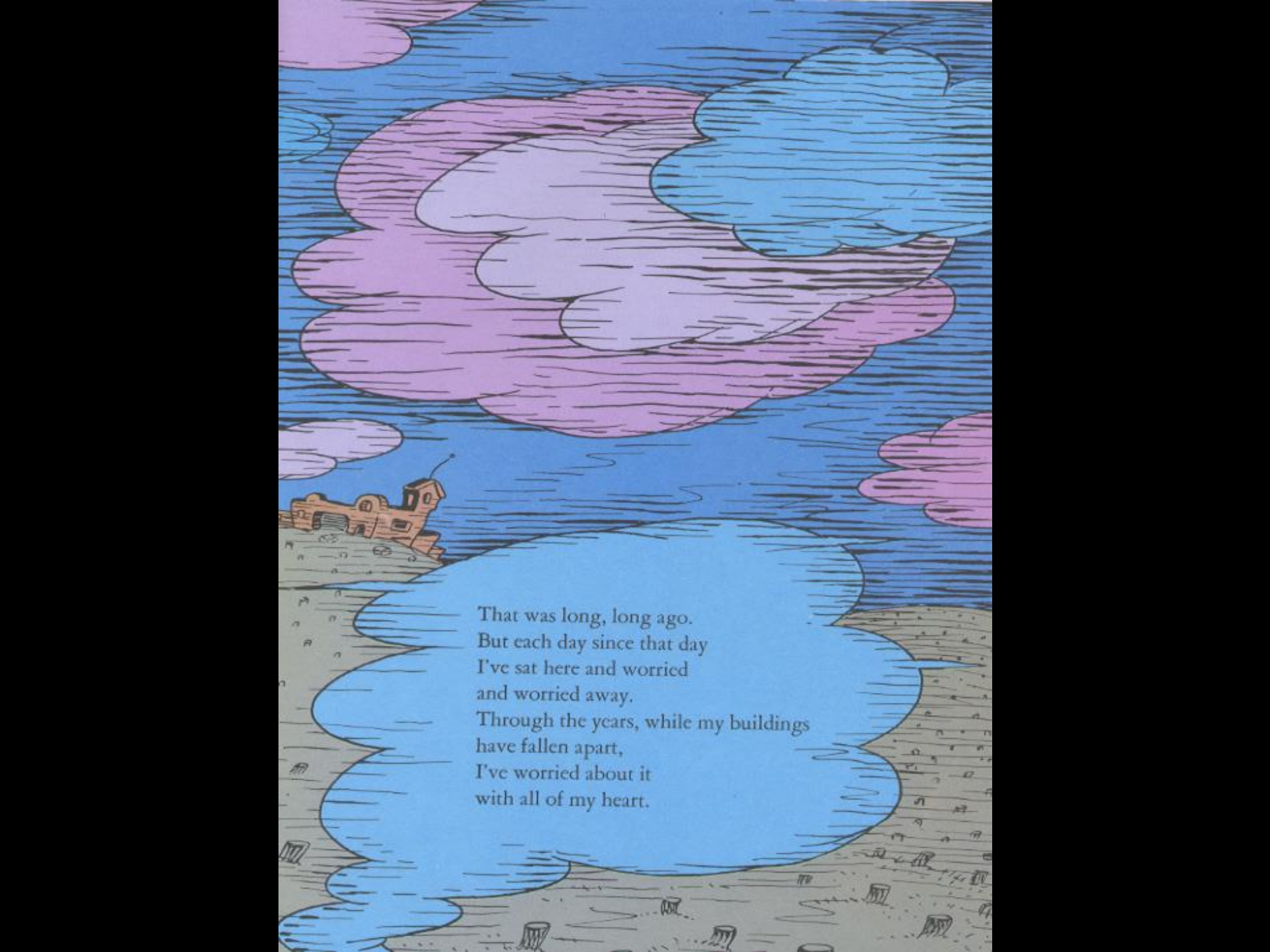






And all that the Lorax left here in this mess  
was a small pile of rocks, with the one word...  
"UNLESS."

Whatever *that* meant, well, I just couldn't guess.



That was long, long ago.  
But each day since that day  
I've sat here and worried  
and worried away.  
Through the years, while my buildings  
have fallen apart,  
I've worried about it  
with all of my heart.



"But *now*," says the Once-ler,  
"Now that *you're* here,  
the word of the Lorax seems perfectly clear.  
UNLESS someone like you  
cares a whole awful lot,  
nothing is going to get better.  
It's not.

